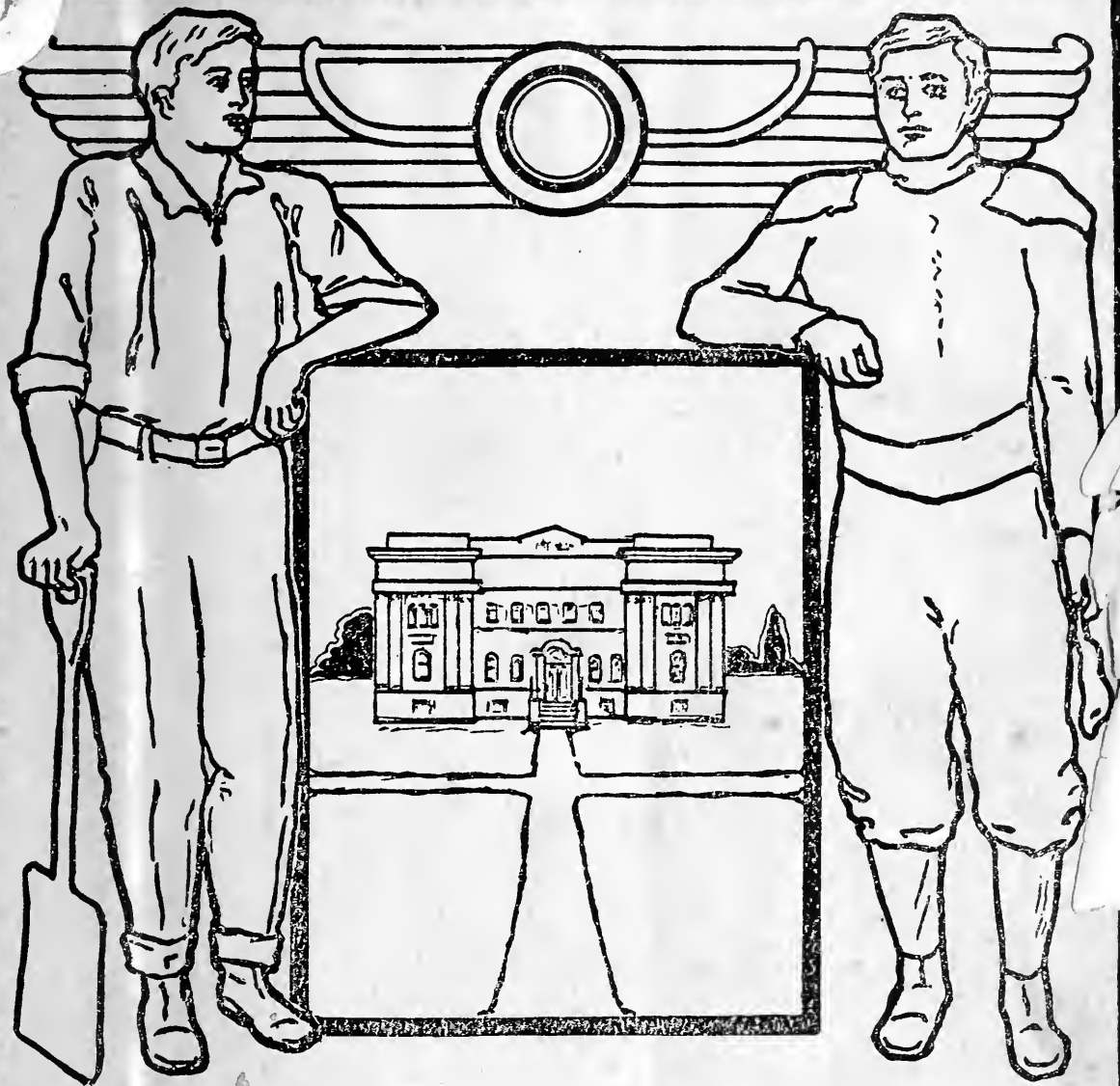


# THE GLEANER



1906

Julius T. Bloch.

Published by the Students of The National Farm School

Vol. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 6

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# THE GLEANER

Vol. VI    National Farm School, September, 1906    No. 6

## Scientific Farming

While a great many have come to realize the importance of science in every art and industry—while the majority can readily see what science has wrought in our last century's revolution of progress and success—a vast number of people have not yet realized what science has done for agriculture. In fact many laugh at such an idea as "scientific farming," the reason for this, is the misunderstanding of these two words.

"It was funny," says an old-timer, "that one can plow with his brain. My father and forefathers had no idea of such a thing as 'scientific farming,' and yet they were prosperous and successful." Such a man does not seem to comprehend that a great change has been wrought in the course of every industry. He undoubtedly, thinks that in farming scientifically one means to employ theories as agents of production, which, of course, would be impossible. Had such a man but known that "to farm scientifically" means to follow the methods employed by practical men—men who have been in the business and have had the good fortune of seeing that their investigations have led to success—he would readily admit that it is a good idea.

There is no doubt that farmers had been successful before Sir Humphrey Davy had yet suggested the application of science to agriculture. Farmers had been successful even before they had learned that their common barnyard manure contained vast am-

ounts of plant food. But this was at a time when the soil beneath our feet contained immense amounts of the elements necessary for plant growth. Land could be obtained at a low price, and under the prevailing conditions, the farmer could easily procure land, from either a physical or chemical standpoint, was well fit to grow the certain limited varieties of plants which were grown in each respective locality. The market demand was not great and the "tiller of the soil" had to satisfy himself with as little as he could produce, after a season of hard perseverance and labor.

The farmers of long ago did not have to fight as many insects, destructible to cultivated fruits and vegetables, as the farmer of today. It stands to reason that insects could not have been transmitted then, from one place to another, as now, when we import plants from all over the world and are apt to introduce vast numbers of fungi and insects. Our crops are massed together, thus enabling the insects and fungi to thrive and reproduce on the easily assimilated food. In former days most insects inhabited the woods and meadows; their food supply was very limited—hence, their reproduction was greatly hindered. Though the farmer of years gone by knew of no modern insecticide, he could easily overcome the small number of pests by the application of the rudimentary insecticide—smoke. When his fields were infested with the locust, it even paid him to hire labor for the purpose of

ringing bells and making other effective noise throughout his fields; thus chasing the locusts off. Under the present economical conditions, such kind of farming is out of question. We can utilize our time to much better advantage, than merely by "chasing flies," as one might term it.

Today, most of our former fertile lands have become exhausted. The best soils are occupied, and those left untilled command a comparatively high price. The value of labor has also greatly increased. Under these conditions, the problem which confronts the agriculturist of today, is to solve, how to produce the greatest amount of the best possible crop on the smallest acreage and with least effort. In order to be able to do this, it can readily be seen that the young agriculturist must possess a thorough knowledge—such as is given in the various agricultural colleges and farm schools scattered throughout the country, where "soil physics" and "chemistry" as well as economics are taught and put into practice.

At present we can no longer be guided by such indefinite laws as these: When the frog appears, sow melons; when the linden is in bloom, mow the meadows; when the white poplar flowers, open the forcing-houses; and, when the tobacco is in bloom, close the hot-houses. All these statements are true to a certain extent, and proved to be of value in former days when one had no better way of reckoning things out. But to make these aforesaid laws or rules more correct, the word "about" would need to be inserted into each one of them. This is an age of accuracy, and "abouts" or "ifs" are considered of no value, for they most of the times lead us astray.

The farmer of today in tilling his  
The farmer of today, in tilling his

a physical as well as from a chemical standpoint of view. He must know beforehand the water-holding capacity of his soil in accordance with its texture; whether his land is alkaline and needs irrigation, or whether of a puddling tendency and needing drainage.

It is true that rotation of crops will, to a certain extent, aid in keeping up the fertility of one's land. But one must also be enabled to break up his system of rotation in order to meet the demand of his market, which can be done only by returning to the soil the necessary food elements exhausted by the crop during its growth; and only through a thorough knowledge of soil chemistry, is one enabled to accomplish this in a most economical way.

In spite of legislature prohibiting the manufacture of adulterated food-stuffs, there are many of these being put upon the market, which lower the price of the farmer's genuine product. Among the most common of these is oleomargarine. Were it not for the great advancement made in the field of chemical analysis of food-stuffs, the farmer could practically not exist.

It is scientific investigation, alone, which has enabled us to grow the plants which were formerly grown in distant limited localities on our own soil. It is through the great advancement made in the maneuvering of complicated farm machinery, that our agricultural industry has developed to such an astounding stage, as to place our country among the leading food-producing countries in the world.

Thus it can readily be seen that the scientific farmer, who uses brain as well as brawn, is an important factor in the promotion of this flourishing industry.

JOE WISEMAN, '07.

## The Lost Friend

"Where am I?" questioned a young man, just awakened by an unusual rattle of arms behind his cell-door.

"I must have been asleep for quite a long time! The place does not look very familiar to me; I wonder how I got here after all. My head seems to me as though it were on 'springs.' My eyes seem to be overhung with darkness."

At this very moment he was checked in his further thoughts by a very severe attack of pain, and lost consciousness.

The light was hardly piercing through the small window which was located close to the ceiling; iron bars being fixed there to keep the "desperadoes" back from escaping.

The prisoner lying motionless up to this time commenced to move about on the straw placed in one of the corners of the cell. A few drops of perspiration appeared on his white forehead.

"Was this a dream? If so, it was a very bad one. But no! I just recollect the knocks on my door; the faces of my friends....police....gendarmes.....insult.....cursing. The picture of the whole affair is still before my eyes, but what had happened later. I am in absolute ignorance. I feel so sick—all my bones seem to be out of place, as though I was put through a threshing machine. I shall never forget the expressions on the faces of the brutes! Miserable spies, instruments in the hands of thieves and usurpers who sold their souls to the demons..... Revenge, revenge, shall be your deserved reward!".....

The prisoner gnashed his teeth and breathlessly fell back on the straw.

Complete darkness reigned in the cell when the captive regained consciousness. As soon as he began to move about, rats fled in disorder from all directions, visibly attracted before,

by the exasperated smell of the bread which was left for the prisoner. A chill passed through his body as he heard the loud echo of the guard's step in the hallway.

Suddenly his ears caught a strange noise which was vibrating through the walls of his cell. The prisoner sat up on the straw, notwithstanding his weakness, and began to listen attentively. The strange ticking on one of the walls of his cell was becoming louder and insisting. Tick..... tick.....tick.....tick..... it kept on going. The prisoner made out: "Your name".....and.....then "my name is Vera Bezmenk.....Academy of Music.".....

As soon as the young man interpreted the last few words, he fell down with an outcry of despair. He hardly had time enough to make an attempt to respond to the ticking, for attracted by noise in the cell, one of the prison guards entered with a lantern in his hand.

"At last you awoke, lunatic! Having had power enough, I would certainly know how to treat you traitors!" This said he, in a very abusive manner, placed the prisoner on the straw, walked out, locking the door behind him.

The unfortunate prisoner, it seemed, did not pay any heed to all this, for the shocking news heard through the walls was still ringing in his ears. It was impossible for him to believe that there, behind one of these grey walls was locked up his best friend, who mysteriously disappeared several years ago. It was beyond his power to agree that a genius like Vera should have to spend her last years behind iron bars. Why and what for?

Amidst despair and rage he rolled on the straw from one side to the other, and finally, all exhausted from excitement and madness, he commenced to cry like a helpless child.

M. GREEN, '07.

## When Farm Life Becomes Unpleasant

Recently Prof. L. H. Bailey interviewed a great number of young men, who had left the farm for various reasons. His sole purpose in doing this, was to ascertain the real cause of this movement from the country to the over-crowded cities. To solve this problem he took one hundred and fifty-five graduates of an agricultural college, who at present are residing in the cities, but who spent their younger days on the farm. As their reasons for leaving, answers of many sorts were the outcome. But the majority of the answers seemed to uphold the opinion that "farming does not pay." Still others claimed that the life was a drudgery, that it was unintellectual, and, that in leading such a life, one could not cherish high ideals.

Thus, as we see from Prof. Bailey's short study of the subject, the question of making money was the most vital factor concerned. Now let us see why it is that so many fail to make the farm pay, and find, if possible, remedies that will avert this crisis.

Let me repeat the words said to me once from the lips of a very successful practical farmer: "By no means will it pay one to use, taking into consideration the close methods practiced today, a mower with a four foot knife when mowers with five foot and six foot knives are available."

Right here is where the great number fail. Afraid to invest a few more dollars in a machine which in time will pay for treble the amount paid above the poorer machine. This example may be applied to many improvements made on the farm in the last few years. With such a tool as a hay fork for unloading into the mow the farmer no longer should think of unloading by hand. Likewise should

the manure spreader replace the old method of hand spreading. No wonder farm life becomes disgusting, when many farmers do not approve of the up-to-date methods constantly being introduced, which not only save more money, but always tend to lessen man labor.

As I said before, a great many of these farmers that fail are unenterprising—afraid to invest. A vegetable grower, who was fairly successful, told me that by spending a few more cents in neatly packing each barrel of celery, he realized nearly fifty cents more than any other of his competitors on the barrel. So you can easily see the cause for these failures—lack in business integrity.

True enough is it that there are many circumstances on the farm which drive the young man toward the city. A hard-milking cow is a thing which should be avoided on the farm. Not a more tedious job, than to milk such a cow, would one wish to undertake. Think of the great number of these kind of cows being kept and cared for, when the truth is, that they are greatly depreciating the value and profits of the rest of the herd. "Hoard's Dairyman," sometime ago, showed how a hard-milking cow had lowered the profits of a valuable cow, producing some six hundred pounds of butter per year, over thirty dollars for that season. Let it be said, that generally, the hard-milking cow is kept at a great loss to the farmer.

In order to keep the young man on the farm, the faults specified in this article must be eradicated. The motto on the farm should not be: "work, work, work;" but should read: "sow your work and reap your harvest—happiness and contentment." And only by making the farm more pleasant will the young man be induced to remain.

M. L., '07.

## The Wizard

(A Sketch.)

Even I, his best friend and colleague, believed that he was a betrayer and a deceiver. I avoided him, contemplated him, and felt sorry for him.

Once, sitting absorbed in thought in the corner of a car, I suddenly felt a hand touch my shoulder. I turned my head, and behold! before me stood he, my old friend, Lasko. Reluctantly, I shook hands with him, and to overcome my excitement, I remained silent. But he with his penetrating eyes noticed very well my confusion, and smilingly seating himself near me, began: "I know all the rumors spread about me, and, therefore I do not blame you for treating me so. But, knowing that you are my friend and certainly suffer from it as much as I do, I'll now vindicate myself before you.

"People," he resumed, "may call me betrayer, but I know that I am honest, and I hope that when you'll know everything, you will justify me too."

"It may be," said I, "Go on and tell me all you have to say in your defense."

"Yes," he began, smiling, "now I'll relate to you the way I made my fortune and the reason why I am called betrayer.

"A few years ago, while traveling from town to town, I became acquainted with a gentleman, who played a very important part in my life, and in whose footsteps I am still proceeding. That gentleman had a very clever way of making money by advertising himself as a wizard, claiming to make women much younger than they really are. This advertisement would have a remarkable effect on Mother Eve's daughters, who would hastily besiege the 'Wizard's' lodging place, hoping to get rid of a few decades of years.

"The 'Wizard' appearing on the piazza before the anxious crowd, would

announce that all wishing to become younger should hand him their name and age on a slip of paper, accompanied by five dollars for his services. Having received the money and the slips, he would tell them to go home and appear again in the morning.

"On the next morning he would come out, and in a plaintive voice explain to them that if they want to become younger, the oldest woman among them must be burnt. Upon finishing, he would put his hands into his pockets as though he was looking for something and then suddenly exclaim: 'Oh, I lost all your slips and who could tell now who is the oldest among you!' 'Well,' he would say after a moment's reflection, 'the matter can be fixed yet; hurry up and make out other slips.'

"After having received the second slips, he would ask them to wait until he finds out who is the oldest. He would then disappear, and in a few minutes come out with a smiling face and exclaim: 'Thanks be God, none of you will have to be burnt, for you are younger already! If you do not believe me, why, then compare today's slips with those of yesterday and you will see the difference. Here, Mary Ridd, yesterday 60 years—today 45; Nellie Stork, yesterday 50—today 35; Annie Pork, yesterday 30—today 18, etc.'

"The women would stand for a while in amazement, nod their heads, and then walk off.

"Now," said Lasko, turning to me with triumph, "would you call him or me, his follower, betrayer."

"Certainly not," I answered, grasping his hand and pressing it with emotion, "you shall be my friend forever."

"Homewood, Homewood," called out the conductor, and the train stopped. I once more pressed the hand of my old friend and jumped off the train.

JULIUS LEIBERT, '10.

# THE GLEANER

Published Monthly by the Students of the National Farm School, Farm School, Pa.

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It is with cheerful hearts that we, the editors, undertake the responsibility of publishing **THE GLEANER** for the coming year. We shall continually endeavor to give our friends and subscribers as much important news concerning the daily progress of the school, as practical.

Owing to the fact that literary-inclined students are very limited, we ask for the hearty co-operation of all

those available; for only by working together can we expect to achieve success. The students should not expect too much from the staff; for, in preparing their various departments, they have really all they can ably perform. They should bear in mind that the paper belongs to the students as a whole.

During the past year, on account of financial difficulties, some delays and other inconveniences were made. It shall be our steadfast aim to prevent such faults, and on the contrary, have **THE GLEANER** appear each month, regularly, and on due time.

\*

Socrates said: "If rich, be not elated; if poor, be not dejected." How good this counsel sounds. But as it is, we find human souls being exalted and worshipped even more than the images of old, for the simple reason that their pockets are filled with gold. On the other hand, the poor man is tread upon and made to bear the dreadful burdens of life. Truth, honesty, and responsibility should be inscribed upon the "guiding star" which mankind should look up to, and not the curse of modern times—money.

\*

With the opening of the school term, the buzz of the foot ball enthusiasm seems to be in full swing. Especially a few days before the first practice are the boys' hearts craving to just get a hold of the "pigskin."

Well, that's the kind of spirit we want, boys, and, with only that kind of spirit will the "green and gold" triumph over our opponents. Cheer those who try for the team, and then be proud of those who will fight our battles on the "gridiron" this fall.

Remember that these colors mean something, and yell with that motive in view. Green, for the glory of the spring time; gold, for the harvest and the sunshine.



Much more pleasant and happier would life become to the vast number of disgusted ones in the over-crowded cities, if only the love for the country—for purity, healthfulness and strength—could be implanted within their hearts. Just think of the numbers breathing disease germs and living in filth, when the farm affords them a real Paradise. Of course, it would be very impracticable to say: "Bring them all out into the country." The task should commence in this way. Every school should be required to teach a fair amount of Nature. The teachers should exercise special pains in trying to show the pupils the beauty that therein lies and the benefits that may be derived.

\*

Through the summer months, the Senior and Junior classes spent much of their off-time valuably, by doing introductory practical work in surveying. This will greatly enhance them to grasp the subject when their books are taken up at the beginning of the school term. Much is owed to Dr. Washburn for the work done; for it was through his efforts to give the students all the education practical, that this was made possible. Moreover, the zealous interest and persistence with which he carried on the work, after a long day's toil, should win praise for him from all sides.

\*

Recently, Mr. David Durward became a member of our faculty, taking under his charge the horticulture department. There is no doubt, whatever, but that Mr. Durward will do all the justice possible to this department; for, being a graduate of the New Hampshire Agricultural College and of Cornell University, gives enough evidence to warrant his capability.

The students wish him the best of luck, and will put forth their hearty co-operation to help make his stay

pleasant and successful.

\*

On the evening of July 22, was held the FIRST ANNUAL DECLAMATION CONTEST with five students participating. Owing to the rain, the contest was held in the Chapel, and was attended by some one hundred friends.

Prof. Baker, under whose charge the contest was conducted, gave an introductory talk on the purpose of having declamatory and oratorical work. He said in part: "Although the primary object of the National Farm School is to teach agriculture to the young men, we must, nevertheless, see that their mental training is not neglected; and especially pay a great deal of heed to their manner of expression, which is above all necessary, if we expect to best fit them for what we are aiming."

The first prize of five dollars was won by Marcus Leon, '07, who gave an extract from an oration delivered at the anniversary of the encampment at Valley Forge. The second prize of three dollars was carried off by Harry Berg, '09, who recited "Regulus to the Carthaginians." The third prize of two dollars was won by Louis Rock, '07, who delivered John Adams' speech, "In favor of a Declaration of Independence."

The judges of the contest were Dr. Berkowitz, of Philadelphia; Dr. Roseman, of Baltimore; and, Dr. Harris, of New York. All of the judges expressed their delight at the skill and impressiveness with which the contestants recited, and declared it a perfect success.

The evening closed with a few words from Dr. Washburn, in which he expressed his gratification over the showing made by the contestants. Lastly, he thanked the judges for the experienced judgment exercised in naming the prize winners.

It was with our deepest regret that we saw the "Krauskopf Camp" disband. During their stay every moment of the day was one of happiness and contentment. The co-operation of the campers and students in furnishing enjoyment was responsible for this success.

This year several "shacks" were built, which will be of permanent convenience. Besides these, one dozen tents were pitched within the grove.

From among the students, the campers were highly pleased with the amusement furnished by Max Fink and Isaac Stern. The humor they displayed at times set all those present "wild with laughter."

Many entertainments were given by the campers; among some of them were: The biograph, mock trial, humorous readings, and a sketch. In all, everything was beyond expectation and a very enjoyable time was spent. May the campers be with us many more years!

\*

Gratefully are we indebted to Mr. Julius T. Block for the "cut" designed on our front cover.

\* \* \*

### Alumni Notes

During the summer it was our pleasure to have been visited by several of the alumni. It seems that after our graduates have left, longings for "old Farm School" become the foremost feeling of their hearts. By making them "feel at home" is the secret of this close attachment which has been brought about. May we always see their cheerful faces appear on our grounds!

Jacob Taubenhaus, of the '04 class, spent four days of his summer vacation with us. At present he is entering upon his third year's work at the Delaware Agricultural College, spec-

ializing in the horticultural branch.

Sol Piser, '01, and Louis Burd, '02, en route to New York City, stopped over with us for three days. Mr. Piser was the first Editor-in-Chief of **THE GLEANER**, and it was mainly through his untiring efforts that **THE GLEANER** was established. During his stay he greatly entertained the boys with recitations and humorous sayings.

\* \* \*

### Musings of a Merry-Maker

E. I. Lee, '04.

The more I watch a little boy trying to lead a bull dog by a chain, the more I am convinced that it takes pup to get along in this world.

### Show Me

There once was a man from Missouri  
Who killed his best friend in his four

Now the green grasses wave

'Bove a fresh moulded grave—

"Murder in first degree," quoth the  
jouri.

A recent despatch from Skidunk says that a man went plum crazy from eating too many prunes. Are you next?

Many mining prospectors are now willing to admit that it is much easier to strike a streak of hard luck than a gold mine.

The old adage about Rome will have to go. We of the future will tell our children: "San Francisco was not built in a day."

"I love u," wrote the lover,

Who was ardent for reform,

In the rules of spelling English

And he thought to make a norm;

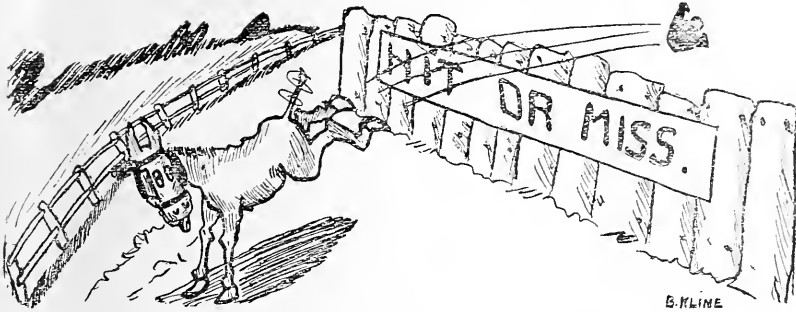
"I love u very dearly,

And I want u for mi wif;"

But she answered just as queerly:

"Wel, I ghes not, on ur lif!"

—Selected.



Fellow Students: This department belongs to you all, and with your contributions I hope to make it the best of its kind. Whatever strikes you funny, will strike us funny, so remember it, and send it in.

Anderson, '07 (who is cultivating)—  
"Prof. Goldman, shall I go over these rows twice—once is equal to nothing."

A Freshman stood beside a cow—  
He stroked her hide of silk,  
Said he, "I wonder if she knows  
That she is giving milk."

In these days of racing, even strawberry plants have runners.

Weil, '10.—"Say, Kline; where is Prof. Bishop?"

Kline, '09.—"I don't know; I didn't see him when he passed me."

Ever wonder why Prof. Goldman smiles so often? No?—Why he's got two gold teeth in front.

Teacher.—"Ratner, have you ever seen a gang-plow?"

Ratner, '09.—"Yes."

Teacher.—"What is it like?"

Ratner, '09.—"Two plows, one following after the other. I saw one here when Rock and Green were plowing."

Teacher.—"No; that wasn't a gang-plow. That was a gang plowing."

Coltun is a freshman,  
And I give you my word,  
Like all freshmen, he's never seen,  
But often he is heard.

Senior.—"Last night, as I was on the porch I saw a funny sight. Horn, '07, passed out just as Rock, '07, came in."

Fresh.—"Well, what's funny in that?"

Senior.—"Oh! It just reminded me of the song, 'All going out and nothing coming in.'"

One day when the weather was hot,  
A curly-haired, laughing-eyed tot,  
Put in his penny,  
But didn't get any  
Chewing-gum out of the slot.

Miller, '07 (talking in his sleep).—  
"Hurry, hurry up, Kline, give me my laundry! I have to go down and tend to the pump."

Prof. Baker.—"Birds usually bring good news."

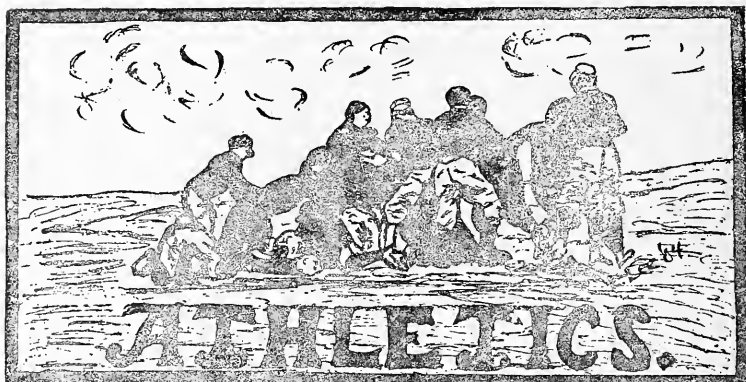
Soph.—"Some bring trouble."

Prof. Baker.—"How so?"

Soph.—"Well, the stork—!"

Freshman (as he hears three bells at 12.15 p. m.).—"Three bells! Say, fellows; what does that mean?"

Smart Sophie. — "Oh, nothing, Fresh, No dinner today, that's all." that's all."



### Base Ball

Although we were not able to play many outside base ball games, due to the pressing work on the farm, the "spirit," nevertheless, was kept up among ourselves. During the season, the students formed two teams, namely: the "Filibusters" with Harry Frank, Jr., as captain, and the "Bucaneers," with Alphonse Schlessinger as captain. A series of games were played, both teams claiming the championship. To settle the controversy a final game was played on the afternoon of July 14th. At the beginning of the game it seemed as though the "Bucaneers" would win out, but the tide turned in the seventh inning placing the "Filibusters" in the lead. The game ended with a score of 14 to 10 in favor of the "Filibusters."

On August 5th a game was played with the "Camp Krauskopf" team. Being that their team was somewhat out of practice, too much praise cannot be given to Farm School; nevertheless, the boys played a brilliant game.

Due to the absence of Abe Miller, our regular pitcher, Sam Rudley was put in the "box." His capability was well shown by only allowing the opposing team one hit. The game ended with the score standing: Farm School, 19; "Camp Krauskopf," 0.

### Tennis

During the season considerable attention was given to tennis, especially by those who did not see it fit to play base ball. No games of note were played with outsiders, but the best players divided up into "couples" and in this way maintained plenty of vim and enthusiasm throughout the season.

\* \* \*

### Foot Ball

Rah! Rah! Rah! Already has the foot ball spirit awakened from its dormant state. At the breakfast, dinner and supper tables are the prospects chewed over and over again.

Although, from the present outlook, the team, in all probabilities will be considerably lighter than in former years, we hope, with the services of such an experienced coach as Mr. Durward to maintain the standard always held by the "green and gold." The team to be chosen will consist mostly of new material, as seven of last year's players have left. Yet there are many of last year's "scrubs" who can be fully depended upon to fight the battles on the "gridiron" for the "green and gold" this fall.

The practice at present consists, mostly, in handling and kicking the ball. Some "falling on the ball" is also being practiced.

Our Business Manager, Abe Miller,

(Continued on page 12)



It is with the full desire of giving our friends and readers some facts concerning the work being done on the farm, that I became editor of this department. In fact, it is no more than proper—being that this is solely an agricultural school—that some space should be devoted to agriculture. With this aim in view, I shall try to do all the justice possible to this department.

\* \* \*

### Horticultural Department

This fall the green-houses will be operated under different plans from those used in the past. Instead of the space being utilized with numerous potted plants, as usual, the Thereso Loeb division, which contains three good-sized benches, will be devoted to the growing of carnations. Such of the leading varieties as the following will be grown: Boston Market, Nelson Fisher, Enchantress, Lady Bountiful, Prosperity, Queen Louise, and General Walcot. The object in growing so many different varieties is to enable the students to see for themselves which do the best under the given conditions. At present, the young plants are doing well in the field. The Rose Krauskopf division, which also contains three benches, will be used mostly for "forcing" vegetables. Two of these benches will be wholly given up for tomatoes. "Forcing" vegetables has become quite common among the

green-house men, and it is with little trouble that any kind of a vegetable can be had during the month of December.

Some strawberries will also be "forced" so as to enable us to have strawberry shortcake for Christmas. In order to obtain good berries, plants should be selected from a field set out early in the spring of that same year. These plants should not be allowed to bear fruit, by occasionally pinching off the flowers. Sometime in July, two-inch pots filled with good compost should be set out in the field, so as to let the new-formed runners take root in them. Two weeks later these should be removed to the green house, where they are repotted into four-inch pots, then placed into cold frames. Here they should be given careful attention, especially with the watering. When the cold weather sets in, they should be taken into the green-house, and after some growth, it should not take long for blossoms to appear. The flowers should be hand-fertilized, so as to insure uniform berries.

The quantity of fruit will be greatly depreciated, mainly due to the favorable season we have had for the thriving of insects. Our peaches, which, in the early spring, seemed to forecast a good crop, have been damaged to a certain extent. The unfavorable weather conditions of the early summer might have caused this

failure. The apple crop is very light, and those on the trees are being eaten up by the insects. The scarcity in this instance is due to the heavy crop harvested last year.

\* \* \*

### Farm Department

It is pleasing to us all to know the gratifying results obtained from the work on the farm this summer. Over one hundred tons of hay have been stored away in the mows of our large barn. This hay consists mostly of red top, red clover and timothy.

Some forty acres of wheat and rye were harvested and stored away. This we expect to thresh very soon. With our new 9-horse power gasoline engine, this will be done in very little time.

The potato field is fairly good as a whole, although some parts of the field are completely bare of plants. Still it is hoped that the crop will be large enough to supply the home demand.

Both the silage and the stock corn are making good development. We have two silos with a combined capacity of about 200 tons, which will be filled the latter part of this month. This will take about twenty acres of corn.

This summer, instead of pasturing our cows, we tried the "soiling" system. We started in the spring by feeding green wheat and rye. When this was gone, we fed nearly six acres of a mixture of red clover and alsike clover. This was followed by one acre of alfalfa. Peas and oats were then fed for a period of about one month, being followed by corn until the second crops of clover and alfalfa were ready for use. At present we are feeding green corn.

Considerable land was plowed this summer, and all the land treated so, will be seeded to clover. This will furnish plenty of green food for the cows next summer.

### Poultry Department

For the first time, in the few past years, we have been unsuccessful with our poultry. Only about thirty chickens have been raised to date from several hundred hatched in the spring. This failure can hardly be set against the weather conditions, for the season, as a whole, was rather favorable. It might have been due to the improper accommodations furnished the chickens this spring, before the new brooder house was completed. Nevertheless we must be contented with the results obtained; for only by failing and then realizing the mistakes made, can one expect to obtain success.

A new brooder house was built in the spring with dimensions of 80 by 14 feet. The house is divided by wire netting into eight divisions, so as to enable the classification of chicks of various ages. This is strictly necessary in order to receive the best results.

Quite a number of Pekin ducks were raised and, at present, are doing very well.

\* \* \*

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.—Cato.

\* \* \*

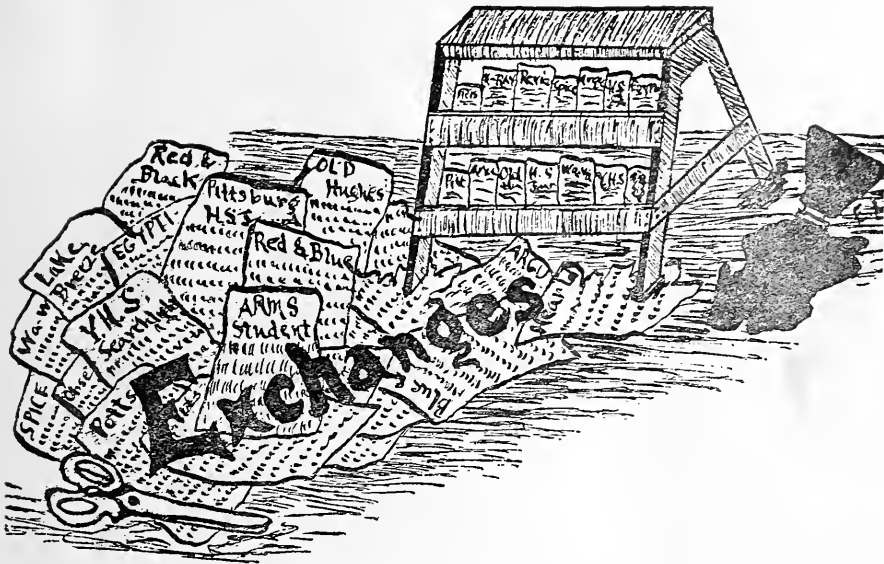
(Cont. from page 10.)  
has not, as yet, fully completed the schedule; nevertheless, many strong games have been hinted as "booked."

\* \* \*

### Gymnastics

With the completion of our new rough-house, a place is afforded where the boys might spend an hour or more, in exercising during the winter nights. This will enable the students to keep, somewhat, in "training" the whole year around.

As much paraphernalia, as deemed necessary by the Athletic Association will be purchased to fit the place up properly.



"From all I may be, have been before,  
To mingle with the universe and feel  
What I can never express  
Yet cannot all conceal."

—Lord Byron.

As we enter with this issue of **THE GLEANER** upon, perhaps, a new era in the existence of our paper, we cordially extend our friendly greetings to all our old exchanges, which have faithfully occupied their places with us throughout the entire interscholastic year.

It is true that several of our exchanges have found faults with our recent issues; we fully realize the truthfulness of these comments and modestly bow our heads in acknowledgement of the words expressed.

We hope and trust that with the ensuing year most of the faults, heretofore criticized, will be wholly eradicated.

Being fortunate enough to represent the Exchange Department for the second term, and with the last year's experience of most of the members of the present staff, we feel assured that **THE GLEANER** will be

brought up to a higher standard from every point of view.

After failing to appear on our table for the whole year, the debut of the June issue of "The Iris" was rather surprising. Undoubtedly, hereafter, your paper will be seen on our list every month.

You may be proud of your periodical, "Quill" (East Des Moines High School). There is nothing left for us to add. Your commencement number is good and proficient in literary material.

The "Oak Leaves" has not forgotten to send us its June issue. We fully appreciate it. We suggest to you in the future to have a more attractive cover design.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Senior number of the "Spectator" (Trenton High School). The paper would be a great deal improved by a few "cuts."

\* \* \*

Lack of desire is the greatest of riches.—Seneca.

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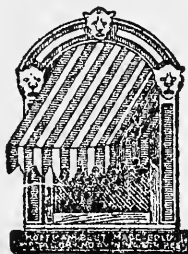
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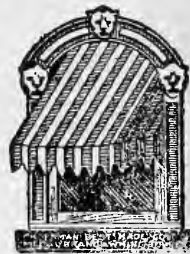
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